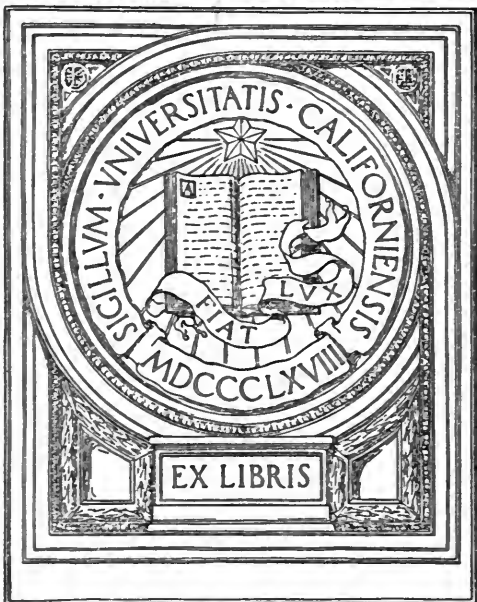


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This copy for  
George Hamlin Fitch Esq  
with regards of  
Edward Robeson Taylor  
January 1913.



# INTO THE LIGHT

BY

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

What dost thou see when without thee  
thou lookest, O all-searching Man?  
Life, ever life, amid changes by multi-  
plex rhythms controlled—  
Rhythms that throb without end in im-  
mensity's vastness of space,  
Mingling and blending in chorus which  
sings of the Order Divine.

What dost thou see when within thee  
thou lookest, O all-searching Man?  
Thee as a spirit and atom of all the  
mysterious whole ;  
Giving as well as receiving, bound to  
the infinite past,  
Made by and making thy future that  
stretches eternally on.

BOSTON

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

1912

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JAN 28 1913

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TO  
MY GRANDDAUGHTER  
AGNES STANFORD TAYLOR

JBL 11/29/39

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285346





## INVOCATION

Oh, may my bosom's muse-enkindled fires  
Burn only on her consecrated ground,  
And there in flame unquenchable abound  
Till wavering souls are thrilled with great  
desires.

May all my passion's unrelenting ires  
With Beauty's loveliest be ever crowned,  
Ne'er linking emptiness with honeyed sound,  
Nor any thought save that which high  
aspires.

O Poesy, though on thy lofty height  
Thou seemest so imperishably bright,  
I yet dare offer thee my soul's own store;  
And pray that every doubter, great and small,  
With fervent heart may love thee ever more,  
And learn thou art of things the Queen of all.



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INTO THE LIGHT

This poem has been carefully revised since its last publication in 1907, the revision including the deletion of five and the addition of sixteen stanzas.

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## INTO THE LIGHT

### I

THE sovran Sun afar his glory flings,  
And Morn exultant preens her dewy wings,  
While every air, with fragrancy imbued,  
Awakes to jaysome life all living things.

### II

His lances pierce the banners of the haze,  
And fill the forest with their golden rays,  
Where dream-beguiled in silentness we wend  
Along the woodland's needle-covered ways.

### III

Still upward mid the firs and pines we go  
Where fled is Boreas with his ice and snow,  
Till dream dissolves in thought's ethereal air,  
And words resume their interrupted flow:

### IV

Here, as the sunshine settles in thy heart,  
Thou canst of all these wonders be a part,  
And underneath this age-worn, friendly pine  
Forget thy bosom's worry-breeding smart.

## V

For here there broods such feeling of repose,  
Such soothing quiet all around us flows,  
That for the blessed time life seems to hush  
Its doubtful triumphs and its certain woes.

## VI

Ah, well-a-day, what heart has not its pains,  
Its grievous losses, incommensurate gains,  
And as result of all the strenuous strife  
What little profit at the last remains!

## VII

By thoughts like these we are at times oppressed;  
But who the loss or profit can attest?  
Our glass we see through darkly, and full oft  
What seemed the worst was in the end the best.

## VIII

In these unclouded heavens no stars we see,  
Yet all roll there in sovran majesty;  
So, when thy sky seems reft of every star,  
In quenchless light they still may live for  
thee. . . .



## IX

The bubbles dancing on convivial wine,  
The restful dewdrops on the procreant vine,  
But symbolize each being life has known:  
All vanish as a cloud and leave no sign.

## X

We meet insatiate death at every turn;  
Life's brightest candles flicker as they burn;  
While lone oblivion pours forevermore  
Her flood lethean from exhaustless urn. . . .

## XI

Thus sayest thou, as has been said before  
In various iteration o'er and o'er;  
But canst thou mete or weigh the least of  
lives?  
And if earth's work be done, why askest more?

## XII

Lament not o'er the failures of the Past,  
Nor fondly hope thy Future may be cast  
Where men shall crown thee with undying  
bays—  
The Present only is thy first and last.

### XIII

Nor seek to blot the record of thy years  
With self-condemning, uneffectual tears;  
But let thy life be such that day by day  
Still less and less the evil there appears.

### XIV

In all the stresses of thy daily rounds  
Still bend thine ear to catch the loveliest sounds,  
Still train thy thought to seek the noblest  
things,  
Still feel that Service never can have bounds.

### XV

It cannot matter, for we are so small  
A part of the immeasurable All,  
Is what thy demon whispers in thine ear  
When pleasures lure thee as when shadows fall.

### XVI

But know that every eon which has gone  
Before thee since life's earliest breath was  
drawn  
Has helped compound thee into what thou art—  
A deathless spirit moving on and on;

## XVII

And that the tiniest creature's slenderest strain  
In loneliest wilderness is not in vain,  
But makes inseparable part of all  
That fills Divinity's unending reign.

## XVIII

All things and elements are kin to thee,  
As are the cones of this imperial tree  
To every member of the host of stars—  
Ay, e'en to those no telescope may see.

## XIX

Couldst thou but learn to feel, without sur-  
cease,  
Though woes and dangers round thee still in-  
crease,  
Thyself as part of the eternal scheme,  
Thy soul might anchor in the port of Peace—

## XX

The eternal scheme whose order as divine  
Thou mayst not question, with its blazing sign  
Above and round thee, and its rhythmic note  
Forever ringing in that heart of thine.

## XXI

How full, how rich is life! dear God, did we  
But ope our eyes and dare with faith to see  
Thy splendors hearted with untainted joys,  
Each pulse would thrill with sudden ecstasy.

## XXII

O garniture of glory round us spread,  
By Beauty's crystal streams forever fed,  
Divine expression of the mind divine,  
Unchanging, changing, fleeing yet not fled!

## XXIII

Yon lake, but one of many children born  
To these great mountains lest they live forlorn,  
With kindling radiance seems to offer now  
Its liquid jewels to the lips of Morn.

## XXIV

See the gay squirrels leaping overhead,  
The timorous chipmunks with their stealthy  
tread,  
These blooms fast following on the heels of  
snow,  
Those moveless clouds that make the peaks their  
bed.

## XXV

O Music, throned within the heart of things,  
What tribute to thee every being brings!  
What waves of thine through space's vastness  
roll!  
What notes of thine great Nature ever sings!

## XXVI

Upon thy multitudinous waves how we,  
Far borne beyond the veil of being, see  
Some glimpse of that which holds the unresting  
stars  
Forever bound in ordered harmony.

## XXVII

Mysterious all; yet that proud sun which prints  
Upon yon mountain-peak such gorgeous tints  
Holds not one secret greater than the grass  
Which at our feet its wonders humbly hints.

## XXVIII

The Sphinx outlives the curious ones who ask  
The cause and reason of their burdening task,  
And with her silent lip and stony gaze  
Still ever wears impenetrable mask.

## XXIX

And though the crown of life sat on her brow,  
While hottest blood her bosom did avow,  
With her great head encasing brain as great,  
She would be answerless e'en then as now. . . .

## XXX

How very little at the most is known;  
By what sore travail man has slowly grown;  
What luring heavens have led him to despair;  
What dreadful hells have made his soul their  
own!

## XXXI

What is he more than atomy that wings  
Its predetermined flight mid other things  
That breathe a moment, then unheeded pass  
To where no note of being ever sings? . . .

## XXXII

Wail as thou wilt, but can thy loudest cry  
Be more than vain, inconsequential sigh?  
And art thou blinded so by Evil's bane  
As not to see the Good which blazes nigh?

### XXXIII

Man's tears are measureless, but in them rest  
The noblest things that stir the human breast;  
Were all the joys beneath the heavens his,  
He might be happy, but could scarce be blest.

### XXXIV

Who has not felt the wings of suffering bear  
His spirit to ethereal regions where  
The leaden-breasted clouds fade fast away  
As newer worlds burst on him unaware?

### XXXV

Ah then, as harmonies around him roll  
He makes a fresh companion of his soul,  
While voices whisper in his eager ear  
That Faith will light him to each worthy goal;

### XXXVI

And if for him should dawn some heavy day  
Big with the things which breed the heart's dis-  
may,  
That smiling Love would hasten to his side,  
To give him conquering strength upon his way.

### XXXVII

Then clear thy vision, and as now the prayer  
Of Consecration stirs the silent air,  
With thine own soul the covenant renew  
Thy cross through Duty's thorniest to bear.

### XXXVIII

For 'tis no mystery that some task is thine,  
For thee to make it, if thou wilt, divine,  
And that while work remains for thee to do,  
Do it thou must, nor weaken nor repine.

### XXXIX

Whether it be what men deem high or low  
'Tis not for thee to question or to know,  
But that thou knead thy heart's best blood in it  
Is thy concern, nor cease to make it so;

### XL

For shouldst thou slight it in the least, or pause  
To quaff the nectar of the world's applause,  
Or nurse, self-satisfied, a base content,  
Thou art a traitor to thy dearest cause.



### XLI

'Tis said that Youth's for action, Age for  
thought;  
But Duty is the guide—all else is nought;  
And wilt thou note the silver in thy hair,  
Or float in dream, when deeds are to be wrought?

### XLII

And dost thou picture an immortal life  
Where work is not and happiness is rife;  
Where Passion dies upon the bed of ease,  
And Pain wields nevermore its dreadful knife?

### XLIII

'Tis thus to deem that thy imperfect soul  
Is fitted for a new, eternal role  
Of flawless perfectness; 'tis thus to make  
A childish, changeless bliss thine utmost goal.

### XLIV

If endless life be thine how canst thou be,  
When disembodied from thy flesh, set free  
From all thy past—thy spirit newly made?  
Death cannot work such miracle in thee.

### XLV

What far-gone age on age, what power on  
power,  
Conspired ere this wee, unpretending flower  
Could hold its sweet communion with us here,  
To heap the measure of this golden hour!

### XLVI

No single stroke can alter or create:  
Continuous flows the river of thy fate,  
As it will flow with all its good and ill  
Through Death's dark-mantled, unimpeding  
gate.

### XLVII

Thou art a spirit now no less than when  
Thy form has vanished from the sight of men;  
Thy home the Universe, where none may dare  
To bound the farthest limits of thy ken.

### XLVIII

But if by wasting of thy natural might  
Thy soul has added nothing to its height,  
How durst thou hope for perfectness or ease,  
Or with celestial raiment to be dight?

## XLIX

And didst thou know none other life could be  
Than this which holds such treasured wealth  
for thee,  
Thy Duty's star would burn as bright as though  
It lit thy path to immortality.

## L

Words cannot save thee though they be of gold  
Beyond all value earth has ever told,  
And though with collocation's art they seem  
From out divinest sources to have rolled.

## LI

The generations ever come and go  
On vasty seas of blended joy and woe,  
But what the deep-hid meaning of it all  
It matters not for curious thee to know.

## LII

It only matters if thy conscience sleep,  
Or thou the golden hours in bondage keep,  
Or if some deed, or word, or look of thine,  
Should cause the angels of the soul to weep.

### LIII

Know thou the Gods are good to him who bears  
Unvanquished stoutly on; who in despair's  
Entangling web weaves many a thread of hope;  
While all the stars light him that boldly dares.

### LIV

What earthly angels hover o'er distress,  
That do but live in blessing and to bless;  
What valiant souls in all the strength of Right  
Against the Wrong forever onward press.

### LV

What matters if the temple's ruin lies  
With none for mourner save the grass which  
    sighs  
Where once the goddess undisputed reigned  
Amid the joyance of her people's cries?

### LVI

Why shouldst thou waste unnecessary tears  
Because along the roadside of the years  
Are strewn the wrecks of many a star-crowned  
    fame  
That once enravished unremembered ears?

## LVII

And e'en the Parthenon—that matchless thing  
Which still in beauty's sky on broken wing  
Soars as the chosen one death would not slay—  
Why should the thought of her our bosom  
sting?

## LVIII

It is enough to feel that thou and I  
Are on this earth to work, and serve, and die,  
As have the millions who have gone before,  
And as will other millions by and by.

## LIX

And when thy voice is mute, thy strivings o'er,  
By no deft magic can report add more;  
Nor canst thou less be made should Fame re-  
fuse  
To jewel thee with baubles of her store.

## LX

Fame's but a breath, while that which man has  
done  
Vibrating from its source has onward run,  
To mingle with its kind and ever beat  
For good or ill beneath the quickening sun.

## LXI

And as for thee in time long past was stored  
The force which in thy grate full oft has roared,  
So for thy soul has grown from age to age  
The spirit's energy in heaping hoard.

## LXII

Things, forces, change and change, but never  
die;  
Infinitude is writ on earth and sky;  
And if it be no atom lives in vain,  
How can thy spirit ever clod-like lie?

## LXIII

Lo, Death wields ever his insatiate spear  
Where horror-crowned he drinks of blood and  
tear,  
Yet Life still reigns amid her swarming host,  
And spreads her radiant wings above each bier.

## LXIV

This lily-bloom, we would not wish to stir  
From where it gazes on the towering fir,  
Is rooted in the mountain's hoary past,  
And is because long-vanished oceans were.

### LXV

How sweet to lie with indolence of ease  
Among these lilies swaying in the breeze,  
Where mid the branches of this sighing pine  
The screaming jays are romping as they please.

### LXVI

How yonder bird with amorous rapture sings!  
He lives his life, nor tastes of torturous things;  
Yet bound is he, while thou canst freely play  
Upon infinitude's deep-sounding strings.

### LXVII

No prison house, no binding chains are thine:  
The desert as the garden is divine,  
And in thy breast, if thou but will it so,  
May bloom the roses of the queenliest line.

### LXVIII

Let not Materialism's serpent wit  
Tempt thee into its spirit-starving pit;  
No wind-blown waif art thou, and in thy soul  
Conscience and all her court unsleeping sit.

## LXIX

And shouldst thou Right's most petty creature  
slay,  
Not all the worlds nor powers could put away  
The sure, commensurate penalty from thee;  
It may be soon or late, but thou must pay.

## LXX

Thou art thine own redeemer, thou alone;  
Not even the greatest can for thee atone;  
Nor can one bloom expand within thy soul  
Except from seed thy careful hand has sown.

## LXXI

Man is not nourished by ambrosial food;  
'Tis his to work, and serve, and not to brood;  
And if the knife of suffering cut his heart,  
The wound, it must be, carries with it good.

## LXXII

Though all the blossoms of thy heart be gone,  
Though from thy bosom's bitter wells be drawn  
But tears that hold thy consecrated dead,  
With freshened courage thou must still go on.



### LXXIII

And when thou wanderest mid the cypress  
glooms

To see once more the old, familiar tombs,  
Forget thou not the asphodel of Hope  
Which there unweariedly forever blooms.

### LXXIV

Oh, see thou waste not of thy needed brain  
On any puzzlement of Evil's reign;  
All mystery's kin we breathe with every breath,  
And joy is no less wonderful than pain.

### LXXV

In Life's own heart, inseparable still,  
Roll on, in vasty orbit, Good and Ill;  
Without the one who can the other know,  
Or feel was his the treasure of a will?

### LXXVI

See the great Harvest fill from year to year  
The golden horn of Plenty with his cheer;  
See Life and Beauty twinned; see deathless  
Love  
In tenderness above Grief's bitter tear.

### LXXVII

Oh, the deep wonder of these sapphire skies,  
Of these bejeweled, aimless butterflies,  
Of yon mad torrent leaping in the sun,  
Of all that here makes glad our feasting eyes!

### LXXVIII

Then on the promise-hearted things that lie  
All round thee seize, nor question whence or  
    why,  
Content to know that from the seeming maze,  
Divinely-ordered, thou canst never fly.

### LXXIX

And shouldst thou falter not thy keel may sweep  
Serenity's unbounded, stormless deep  
Where mid its myriad Islands of the Blest  
Thou mayst communion with the noblest keep.

### LXXX

Duty will seem no ruthless tyrant there,  
With Faith and Love, triumphant o'er Despair,  
To guide all heartening breezes to thy sail,  
As Hope's entrancing music fills the air.

### LXXXI

How swift the silken-wingèd hours have sped,  
With Nature's loveliness around us spread,  
With silvery voices blending in the heart,  
And sunshine's golden glory overhead.

### LXXXII

Ah, now the day is done; mysterious Night  
With tremulous hush begins her noiseless flight,  
While we in wonderment still ever new  
Seem dowered afresh by her transfiguring light.

### LXXXIII

And as we silent down the mountain go,  
What spirit-streams around our footsteps flow!  
What soothing ecstasies of peace proclaim  
That God is with us 'tis enough to know!

## FANCY'S CHILDREN

WHERE do Fancy's children nest  
Breeding thoughts we love the best?—  
In the leaves with freshness gay  
When the Spring is on her way,  
Sweetly breathing balm and song  
As she lightly skips along;  
In the heart of daffodils  
Beating as some fairy wills;  
Honeysuckle giving sweets  
To the trellis it entreats;  
Poppies that for sunbeams hold  
Most appealing cups of gold;  
Pansies whose irradiant eyes  
Watch the jasmine's envied vine  
Near the maiden's casement twine;  
Dandelion's stars that glow  
In the meadow's emerald skies;  
Lilacs of the long ago,  
Tremulous with memory's sighs;  
Roses grand in gorgeous show,  
Marguerites that lovers know,  
And in every kindred one  
Drinking joys of dew and sun;  
Sooth, in least that decks the ground  
Fancy's children may be found.

In the merry-hearted stream  
Where some naiads rest in dream,

While the crystal waters make  
Lulling music lest they wake;  
In the peaceful pools that lie  
Where the umbrage veils the sky,  
And no voice on us may call  
Save the beat of waterfall;  
And in nook of secret dell  
Where an oread from her cell  
Deeply hid is wont to spy  
Lovers' raptures throbbing nigh;  
Here with all that's beauteous crowned  
Fancy's children may be found.

In the verdure-spreading tree,  
'Neath whose bark dear Dryope  
Hopes that she may yet be free,  
Whose sequestered, cooling shade  
Only dreams and we invade;  
And in cloud of snowy fleece  
Floating swanlike overhead  
On its azure sea of peace,  
By the zephyrs gently sped;  
While the hours with muffled wing  
Pass unknown to any sense,  
And each soul-disturbing thing  
Vanishes in impotence;  
Here by Revery gently bound  
Fancy's children may be found.

In the horses of the surge  
Rearing high upon its verge,  
So to leap upon the shore  
With impetuous, deafening roar,  
While from out their mouths the spume  
Seethes and hisses as it flies;  
In the ships that faintly loom  
Under rainbow-tinted skies,  
Sailing safe on sapphire seas  
To the golden port of Ease,  
There unlading costly bales  
For the hope that never fails;  
In the chambers of the deep  
Where unnumbered thousands keep  
Eyeless gaze on goals unwon,  
Lighted not by moon or sun;  
And where mermaids in their bowers  
Fill with sport the endless hours,  
Saving when they seek the air,  
Some poor mariner to snare,  
Who with them through love or fright  
Plunges to eternal night;  
In all such enchanted ground  
Fancy's children may be found.

In the dawn's wide-opening rose  
Which in sudden beauty blows  
On the east's enraptured breast,  
As it beams upon the bed  
Where some lady's lovely head,

Filled with him she loves the best,  
Gently stirs within its nest;  
In the visions flitting by  
When the day is fain to lie,  
Wearied out, in final rest,  
On the bosom of the west;  
In the stars that bless the night  
With magnificence of light,  
As the moon, like any ghost,  
Glides amid their countless host,  
Weaving with her silvery beams  
Love's eternal, magic dreams;  
In this wonder-breathing round  
Fancy's children may be found.

In the memories floating up  
From the long-*evanished* time,  
When with joy in every cup  
All the moments rang in chime,  
As with her, death would not spare,  
Hand in hand we silent strayed  
In the perfume-laden air,  
Till a glory round us played,  
And the beauty of her eyes,  
Newly lit with love's surprise,  
Told the story that still lies  
In the heart where, wet with tears,  
It shall grieve through all the years;  
Ah, in this all-hallowed ground  
Fancy's children may be found.

In the Garden of Delight  
Boyhood's feet alone can know,  
Where all wonders fill the sight,  
And all fadeless blossoms grow;  
Sooth, where fairies love to be  
Fancy's children you may see;  
But the maiden's guileless breast  
Is by them beloved the best,  
Where to every rapturing sound  
Are they alway to be found.



## IMAGINATION

How insignificantly small we seem ;  
    Yet marvellous times there are,  
When every sense in sublimated dream  
    Wings on from star to star ;—  
Ah, then all principalities are ours,  
And we, immortals with Herculean powers.

## SYMPHONY

O TIME of bursting buds,  
Of life in verdurous floods;  
Of sun-swept, azure skies,  
Beneath which raptured flies  
Full many a mating bird,  
His heart with music stirred;  
Of grasses lush and sweet  
Where myriad blossoms meet;  
Of Promise that indwells  
In every seed that swells!—  
Ah, Spring, so much we love thee,  
There is not one above thee.

O time when o'er the fields  
The Sun his sceptre wields,  
Till Harvest fills the days  
With thankfulness and praise;  
When skies, and woods, and streams,  
Seem drowsed in airy dreams;  
When in the languorous eves  
The moonlight's magic weaves  
The web of Love's deep art  
Around the maiden's heart!—  
Summer, so much we love thee,  
There is not one above thee.

O time when on the land  
Fruition lays its hand,  
Till fruits and grains are stored  
In hoard on heaping hoard ;  
When all the woods and skies  
Are steeped in gorgeous dyes ;  
When murmuring breezes sigh  
Mid leaves now fain to die,  
While every air is holy  
With pensive melancholy!—  
Autumn, so much we love thee,  
There is not one above thee.

O time of leafless trees,  
Of storm-swept lands and seas ;  
Whose elemental pains  
Of ice, and blasts, and rains,  
Give birth to sweet desires  
Before the household fires,  
And bid all lives to be  
When Spring shall set them free,  
Again their race to run  
Beneath the kindling Sun!—  
Winter, so much we love thee,  
There is not one above thee.

## VISIONS

HOPE drew me on to peaks that glittered bright  
With lovelier tints than rainbows ever knew,  
While round my loitering feet rare blossoms  
grew,

Steeped in immaculate, unfading light.  
In golden opulence the days were dight,  
With every sky cloud-free, save when there  
flew

Great flocks of dreams that veiled the puls-  
ing blue,

Only to thrill me with a new delight.

Ah, this was in the time so long ago,

I marvel much if it be truly so—

Those memory - teeming, passion - hearted  
years.

My life's once blazing fires are burning low,  
And in my cheek regret's unfathomed tears  
Have worn the channels age alone can know.

## GOLD

Inscribed to the Chit-Chat Club of San Francisco and  
read at the thirty-sixth anniversary of the  
founding of the Club.

### I

THIS is the age of Gold—not of that gold  
The Poet treasures in his heart of heart,  
To mint therefrom the coins of glorious song,  
Wherewith the sons of men may greatly buy  
Nectareous bread for their immortal souls;  
Nor that entrancing gold some mighty brush,  
Wielded by spirit of celestial birth,  
Spreads o'er the breast of day-departing skies;  
Nor that which gilds the gorgeous, chalice'd  
blooms

In such unwonted wise, that seraphs great,  
Looking from out the radiant deeps of Heaven,  
Might see that Beauty still makes glad the  
earth;

Nor that which Autumn, on her pensive way  
Through woods where Summer's breath no  
longer woos

Its children to forget the wintry blast,  
Puts on the leaf, until transfigured thus  
In death it seems diviner than in life;  
Nor that which Night's great vanquisher, the  
Sun,

Binds on the brow of day-awakening Dawn,  
As o'er the distant hills she speeds along,

To tease us with a glance ere she depart;  
Nor that which lies delightedly enmeshed  
Within the dancing curls of some fair child,  
The fairies at whose birth bent o'er and smiled.

## II

No, no, 'tis not such priceless gold as these  
Which men esteem as being any worth;  
They see it not, nor would they though it  
bulked

So hugely great archangels would not dare  
Its vasty sum to measure or compute;  
But that unhallowed gold which buys and sells,  
And makes of Righteousness a scorn and mock;  
Yea, that which buys the very souls of men;  
Which eats the living marrow of their bones,  
Till they no longer stand in pride erect,  
With Conscience to enguard them as a shield,  
But who at ease in prison-house of gold  
That never feels the touch of seraph's wing,  
Sink meanly down beneath the sorrowing stars;  
Which poisons Duty till she basely falls,  
Not at the head with Victory standing near,  
Mid glorious pæans shaking earth and sky,  
But in the rear, disgraced and overthrown,  
Where angels shed all unsufficing tears;  
Which makes the oath of office but a play  
Of words as idle as an idiot's laugh;

Which worships nought save that which rears  
aloft

Its vulgar hugeness, or which tempts the eye,  
Though these be foul and rotten at the heart;  
Which nerves the withered hand to gather more  
E'en while Death's angels look in mockery on;  
Which feasts on rankest fatness till the sight  
Is blind to every splendor though it blaze  
Upon the very stones the footstep spurns;  
Which blunts all moral sense until the end  
Is panted for no matter what the means,  
Nor what the Court of Conscience may decree;  
Which binds the chain of gross, material things  
Around Ideal's summit-soaring brood,  
Till Hell roars loud in chorus of applause,  
While sweet Religion,—warder of the soul,  
And gracious guardian of our tempted hours,—  
Walks a lone stranger mid the domes and  
towers.

### III

Yet, friends, do not the Muses let us say,  
And say with praise which is not all self-praise,  
That in the generation which has passed  
Since first we raised our modest banner here,  
We've sought the taintless gold which leads to  
life,  
And not the base alloy which leads to death?  
Here Learning with infinitude of charm

Has opened wide her jewel-sparkling gates,  
To show her opulence of golden store;  
And here the Poet's unambitious lay  
Has sung its message to the grateful heart;  
While every Muse has roamed serenely here,  
Joy in her eye, and wisdom on her lip,  
To lift our thought above the vales of sense  
To heights where flesh is nought and spirit all,  
And where some kindred soul Time wanton slew  
Has left memorials for eternity.

Here, too, Religion, in her seamless robe,  
And holding to her breast the flower of Love  
Plucked from the fadeless garden of the Christ,  
Has breathed her benediction over all;  
While Comradeship, without the coarser things  
That mar at times the beauty of its rites,  
Has blest us with the bounty of a gold  
Oblivion shall not mingle with its mould.

#### IV

So may it ever be: let here the lamp  
With golden flame, familiar to us all,  
Burn on with steady, still unceasing glow,  
Nor fear the blasts of unregenerate years.  
May Life with newer messages and hopes  
Spread its great feast before our ravished  
sense;

And as the years in grand procession move  
Victorious toward God-appointed goals,  
With Faith to light us may we surely see



That Good sits throned within the heart of  
things,  
Proclaiming that the lowliest, humblest one,  
E'en as the saintliest or proudest, bears  
Deep in his inmost soul a deathless sign  
Avouching he is God's and is divine.

## CARCASSONNE ATTAINED

A POET once—Gustave Nadaud—  
With poignant phrase which cuts the heart,  
And yet with all the wiles that know  
The solace of consummate art,  
Immortally did sing of him  
Who, when his three-score years had run,  
Yearned that ere death his eyes should dim  
They might behold great Carcassonne—

That glorious place just o'er the hill,  
So very far, and yet so near,  
Where all was good, and nought was ill,  
And wonder shone without a peer.  
Yet not for him this priceless gold,—  
Some other task must first be done,—  
Nor did he save in dreams behold  
The radiant sights of Carcassonne!

O figure ambered by the Muse,  
To shine from thence on tear-dimmed eyes,  
How thou portrayest what we lose!  
What mounting hopes in vain arise!  
Ah, few of all earth's myriad souls,  
When beacons by the spirit's sun,  
E'er cross the hill where swells and rolls  
The gorgeousness of Carcassonne!

But then the Muse sees deeper still  
The thought which stirs the poet's line,  
And on our souls the saving will  
Imposes of the power divine:  
For he whose stars are made of pelf,  
Whose feet on blossomed pathways run,  
Whose only purpose is but self,  
Can never gaze on Carcassonne!

While he that lives from day to day  
In kindness to do his part,  
Who lifts the fallen on his way,  
And meets the worst with dauntless heart;  
Who with a purpose strong as steel  
No toilsome road would ever shun,  
With treasure more than gold can feel  
Forever dwells in Carcassonne!

## MUSIC

THE murmurous monotone of waving grain  
When winds are gently winging down the  
vale;  
The storm-voiced billows drowning men be-  
wail;  
The pattering stroke of softly falling rain;  
The sighing leaves that bend to every tale  
The breezes tell; the songster's lilting strain,  
From feeblest note of all the joyful train  
To rapturous burst of peerless nightin-  
gale;—  
What are all these, and all that human ear  
In sweetest concord from their kin can hear,  
But hints of deeper rhythms as yet un-  
heard;  
That in the soul ineffable of things  
An ordered Music, by the eternal word,  
Throughout the vast of space divinely sings.

## TO BEAUTY

WHAT joy to watch thee as thy wings with zest  
Bear tremulous Dawn along the gladsome  
height,  
Or when with languid beat they shed their  
light  
Of paling crimson on the saddened West;  
To see thee flitting, as a seraph blest,  
Through dale and wood the meanest to be-  
dight,  
O'er pools deep-bosomed brooding, and with  
Night  
Lying mid splendors of her vasty breast!  
The canvas throbs beneath thy deathless art,  
While at thy word the Sculptor newly wakes  
To sudden life the eon-slumbering stone;  
And when thou ledest to the Poet's heart  
Thy flock of airy dreams, he raptured makes  
The song all ages cherish as their own.

## POETIC ART

THE cities vanish ; one by one  
The glories fade that paled the sun ;  
At Time's continuous, fateful call  
The palaces and temples fall ;  
While heroes do their deeds and then  
Sink down to earth as other men.  
Yet, let the Poet's mind and heart  
But touch them with the wand of Art,  
And lo ! they rise and shine once more  
In greater splendor than before.

## INSIGHT

ONE doubts, one fears, one calls on circumstance,

And one is blown by every wind of chance;

While yet another looks into his soul,

And sails serenely to his destined goal.

# TOLSTOY

## I

TOLSTOY is dead!—That world-belovèd oak,  
Whose talons like the eagle's clutched the soil,  
And whose great limbs with verdure spreading  
wide

Had furnished shelter to despairing souls,  
Dismembered lies upon the grieving earth,  
Made sacred now by that immortal wreck.  
And eyes are wet that know as ne'er before  
The precious tears distilled in sorrow's heart;  
While men at pause amid their thorns of gold,  
And thistles heavy with degenerate bloom,  
View all amazed the gorgeous Rose of Life  
Which blossomed fadelessly on Tolstoy's breast.

## II

The Muses led him from the ways of war,  
With all hell's demons snatching at his soul,  
To where those royal-robed, enchanted ones  
In glory roam the amaranthine fields,  
To weave undying messages for men;  
And here, with iron pen of mighty sweep,  
Dipped deeply in the ruby of his heart,  
He traced the Corsican through battle's blood,  
And all the anguish of its myriad woes,  
With holy Moscow's patriotic fires,  
To winter's pitiless, destroying rage,



That left his triumph but a maddening dream.  
And in that fair domain Art led him on  
To picture creatures naked to the bone,  
Who move in throbbing panoramas vast  
Across the startled gaze. Here hearts are  
rent;

Here life's great agonies affright the soul;  
Here passion's evil drags its loathsome length  
To caves ne'er sweetened by the gracious sun,  
And where Remorse in lonely horror broods.  
Yet, from the pouring fountains of his Art  
Flow natural streams of ever-during good  
To destined harbors of Fruition's hope.  
His was the eye to pierce the marrow's core,  
And his the gift to picture all he saw.

### III

Art could not in these amaranthine fields  
Forever this titanic soul detain;  
And so he wended resolutely forth  
To lay his heart against the heart of earth;  
To feel her throbs beat ever pauseless on,  
While man and beast were nourished at her  
breast;  
To see the hand of God upon the grass  
As on the deeply rooted, towering tree;  
To watch the grain from when it greens the  
clod  
Until it waves in seas of glowing gold.

And then he felt the unrestrained desire  
To wrestle gladly with the yielding soil;  
To plow, to plant, to reap, himself as one  
With those who labored for their trifling  
wage—

And mid these brother workingmen he seemed  
A loving king whom Duty had enthroned  
And Conscience with her diadems had crowned.

#### IV

And as he felt the heart of mother earth,  
So did he feel his fellow-brother's heart  
Beating in hopeless grief against his own.  
He saw the millions bound in chains of steel,  
While the few favored soar on wings of gold;  
He saw the wretched fighting for a crust,  
While surpluses that grow from hour to hour  
Still wider make the unfraternal gap;  
And he believed that Jesus had not yet  
Been understood by theologic man;  
And so he preached in messages divine  
The word the Nazarene gave waiting souls—  
The word whereby alone we can be saved.  
Say he was mad, as some have wildly said;  
Yet such insanity we dare not lose,  
For it breathes deep the perfume of the breath  
Of that unrivaled One who shall at last,  
After long waiting, see His kingdom come.

## V

Above the priest and czar this Titan rose  
In elemental force that shook the world;  
And, though Death smote his body till it fell,  
His spirit still shall walk through all the years.  
Nor War nor Art could bind their chains on  
him,

Nor ever tempt him to betray his soul;  
But, standing on the sacred ground of Work,  
Christlike he chose the humblest for his friends,  
And joyed to feel their hands within his own.  
And as we gather round his new made grave  
Who does not hear the chorus of the stars  
Proclaiming to the universe's bound  
The praise of what he did and what he was;  
Who does not see unfading laurel wreath  
With freshening glory his immortal name!

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## THE BABE

WITHIN its mother's arms soft-cradling lies  
This roseate babe, whose life in weeks is told,  
And yet who can all heaven's irradiance hold  
Reflected in its wonder-seeing eyes.  
The giant Self its tiny arm defies;  
For it the coldest never can be cold;  
And at its bidding Love's untainted gold  
To heights ineffable shall gladly rise.  
Thus nineteen hundred years ago was seen  
Upon his mother's breast the Nazarene,  
Whom unregarding men still crucify;  
And may the Fates not will it so to be  
That this wee one shall raise a far-borne cry  
Above some glory-crowned Gethsemane?

## CHANGE

THE million-fingered, sleepless one am I,  
Who breathes the air of all eternal things,  
And who on viewless, never-folded wings,  
Incessant ranges every land and sky.  
Before my touch nought stays; the loved ones  
fly  
Beyond Love's reach; Life's radiant springs  
But dance to death; while the wide desert  
flings  
Its mock against the hills uptowering high.  
Yea, I am Change, whose every moment seems  
To rise and pass as vainly as the dreams  
That play in maddened minds delirium's  
part;  
Yet, lift thine eyes beyond the earth, and see  
That all this flux but nourishes the heart  
Of a divinely-souled Stability.

## CHINA

### I

FREE, free, beyond all thought or dreaming  
free!

The long enshrouding Night now breaks  
away,

And on the forehead of the new-born Day  
I read in flaming letters, Liberty!

Such exaltation lays its joys on me,

I spurn the earth and through vast regions  
fly,

Where my still mounting soul no foes can see,  
And Hope in constellation stars the sky.

The awful Past

Away I cast

To depths beyond the reach

Of devils to beseech,

While the far Future in effulgence looms

In dazzling robes of rain-bow tinted hues,

And all the despots' hate-engendered glooms,

In Love's breath melting, all their poison  
lose.

## II

For years on years I've trod the ways of Hell  
And felt the torture only Helldom knows—  
My bosom torn by vile, rapacious foes,  
Whose iron bondage bade me slave-like dwell  
With ignorance beyond all tongue to tell;  
That deadened all the fervors of my soul;  
That sounded aspiration's final Knell,  
As farther still receded every goal;  
That fed their fill  
On me of ill,  
Till, swollen with every crime,  
The long-awaiting time  
Came, when with desperation's strength I rose  
Against the Dragon's great, horrific brood,  
And with herculean, heaven-directed blows  
Crushed them and all their signs of servitude.

### III

No longer now my millions wear the queue  
    Embroidered for them by the Dragon's claws,  
    Nor bow servilely to another's laws,  
Nor like base suppliants only learn to sue;  
The monster's writhing length no more we view  
    Upon the yellow flag to evil signed,  
But in its stead from out celestial blue  
    The Star of Freedom greets its fellowkind;  
        And splendent there  
        It fills the air  
    With joy ne'er seen before,  
    Mid voiceful roar on roar.  
Ah, now my children walk erect as men,  
    With swelling heart and ever brightening  
        eye,  
And marching as from noisome prison pen  
    All precious things seem theirs beneath the  
        sky.



#### IV

O Liberty, to think that thou art mine  
After these years of lacerating woe,  
To think that all thy blessings I should  
know,  
Falls on my heart like something most divine.  
My children, O my children, I would twine  
Round everyone of you mine aged arms,  
And pray your stars, that now so brightly  
shine,  
May lead you through your century-  
breeding harms;  
That with new heart  
You now may start  
To rear the soaring dome  
Where Freedom makes her home,  
And where your young Republic may arise  
To all the blessedness of great desires  
On heights unseen of frowning alien skies  
And lit by Liberty's immortal fires.

## THE COBBLER

THE snows of age have fallen on his head,  
Yet every moment here from day to day  
Pauseless he pegs, and sews, and pounds  
    away,  
Till kindly stars admonish him to bed.  
What shoes come here their maladies to shed!—  
Some that have trod full many a toilsome  
    way;  
Some that have felt the joys and stings of  
    play;  
While others to the cypress groves have led.  
As we behold him uncomplaining kneel  
Before the shrine of Labor, deep we feel  
The pulsing of the universal heart:  
For were he lifted from his low estate  
To loftiest altitudes of star-sown Art,  
No closelier could his soul and duty mate.

## MOTHER'S LOVE

As through the sweets of verse our talk did run,  
My friend said, "Cage me in thy sonnet,  
prayer,  
A thought whose song shall tempt the Muse  
to say,  
Ah, this, indeed, is an immortal one!"  
"Is it," I asked, "a maid's fond heart undone?  
Or some far lesser grief? Or does the way  
To fairest memories open to thee?"—"Nay,  
'Tis Mother's Love—flame-hearted as the  
sun."—  
"Thou seekest what thou knowest is in vain,  
Although before me were a Dante's pen,  
Heart's blood for ink, with strength to make  
them mine,  
And though my sonnet bars their bounds should  
strain  
Beyond imagination's farthest ken  
Till bathed in all the ecstasies divine."

## AN OPERA CLOAK

Poor, cast-off opera cloak that shows  
Your pride from hidden, long repose,  
I smile to note the scornful eye  
Wherewith my dear now puts you by,  
Though richly wrought with broidered rose.

But ah, with what delight, who knows,  
She donned you first to list to those  
Rare strains that swelled in triumph high,  
When Patti sang.

Mad fashion's blight upon you blows,  
The diva's days now tuneless close,  
Yet she that dooms your death and I  
Have bred a love that dares not die,  
Though we have borne heart-rending woes  
Since Patti sang.

## TO THE GRAND CANYON

UPON thy lofty rim we breathless stand,  
As thy stupendous, myriad structures glow  
With color's opulence, while far below  
The raging river seems a slender band.  
Thou deemst thou art eternal, yet thy grand,  
Unrivalled palaces will surely go  
In wreck adown the ages as they flow,  
While other beauties will their place command.  
Time is for man alone, and not for Him  
Who bade the light forevermore to be,  
And thee in all its amethyst to swim.  
The Lord that fashioned us has fashioned thee,  
And as we put our puny hands in thine,  
We thrill to feel that we are both divine.

## A LIZARD OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST

UPON an age-worn, upright stone  
Of gems that once had been a part  
Of some great tree's rejoicing heart  
A Lizard, motionless and lone,  
A glowing, living emerald shone  
Of such encrusted, radiant sheen,  
He reigned the monarch of the scene—  
A creature nature's hand had done  
When wrought the earth, and air, and sun,  
In most harmonious unison.  
He viewed us, as we passed him by,  
With calm and yet with questioning eye,  
But moveless still, as though the stone  
Were portion of his being's own,  
And voiceless as the forest is,  
Whose jeweled ruins all are his.  
The desert seemed to hold him there  
As one of her supremest fair,  
As one to whom our souls should owe  
The best that beauty's love can know,  
And with her prideful voice to say,  
"See how I gem my breast of gray!"

## A MEMORY OF A SUMMER DAY

WHAT treasure trove the task-free summer  
hours

With every golden moment all our own;  
Beneath some tree's soft shade to drowse,  
and drone,

And build in Dreamland hope-enchanted  
towers!

The birds are dozing in their foliaged bowers  
Save the woodpecker tapping far and lone,  
While dauntless bumble-bees make murmur-  
ous moan

Among the blossoms of the drooping flowers.  
The sun sinks down in clouds that seem his  
pyre;

And as the dusk is edging into dark,  
And Hesperus faintly trembles into fire,  
The lightning bug floats by—a twinkling  
spark,

While then we hear with heart-enchancing  
thrill

The plaintive calling of the whippoorwill.

## THE RECORD

WHEN thy stilled hands lie folded on thy  
breast,

As some day they will be at death's desire,  
What praise could wake the silence of thy rest,  
What censure rouse thy indignation's fire?  
O moment incommunicably dread!

For then how mend life's slightest broken  
thread,

Or kiss to warmth the love by thee betrayed,  
Or slay the least of those thy passions bred,  
Or haste with joy some fallen one to aid,  
And set the crown of hope upon his head?

What's done is done, on lines thyself hast laid;  
Nor canst thou scape the forfeit to be paid:  
No deed of thine can hope for funeral pyre,  
Nor can Time's flood with still increasing ire  
Erase one record thou hast ever made.

From man's memorial tablets it may fade;  
But on the book the Eternal Justice keeps,  
With omnipresent eye that never sleeps,  
'Twill be emblazoned through unending years  
Though grieved contrition shed a sea of tears.



## CHRISTMAS HYMN

O CHRIST, on this thy natal day,  
As oft before, we fain would pray;  
And as the bells in laud of thee  
Ring joyous over land and sea,  
With every feeling sounding back  
Along our lives' eventful track  
That led from thee, ah, let us dare  
To fill our starving souls with prayer.

Give us the passion-conquering might  
In every stress to do the right;  
And should we fall, as like we may,  
Help us to front another day.  
Add strengthening light to our weak eyes  
For them to view fresh splendors rise,  
And see that at our very feet  
The richest things may lie complete.

Oh, lift us in thy blessèd arms  
Above the fear of loud alarms  
To where the flower of courage grows  
On hope-crowned heights that duty knows,  
Till thrilled with that supporting air,  
No longer dreaming of despair,  
We shall go on from day to day  
Despite all lions in our way.

Oh, give to us such spirit-needs  
As teach the scorn of hates and greeds,  
And light within our breast the fires  
Of wisdom-hearted, high desires ;  
Of love for all without constraint,  
Of love that dares not halt nor faint,  
Though it leads us, as it led thee,  
Along the road to Calvary.

May we with thee so closely live  
As that we freely can forgive,  
Although our heart be torn by one  
The best beloved beneath the sun,  
And though the friendship built of old  
With rarest gems and purest gold  
Be prostrate laid, and we remain  
In irremediable pain.

O Christ, on this thy holiest day,  
Accept our homage as we pray ;  
Upon us pour thy healing balm,  
Till every pulse, serenely calm,  
And tuned to love, undaunted beats  
With harmony's ambrosial sweets,  
While centred in our souls increase  
The priceless treasures of thy peace.

## FAITH

THOUGH man be lost in maze of mystery's land,  
'Tis his to feel if not to understand,  
And hear the heartening voice that ever sings  
Of all the deep divinity of things.

## WORK AND SERVICE

THROUGH work and service thou mayst see  
The inmost heart of liberty,  
And make thy sum of days to be  
One fused organic unity.

## THE POEM

ALL Beauty's magic-weaving airs  
Blow through the Poet's answering soul,  
Till thrilled with ecstasy he dares  
The building of some flawless whole.

## THE POET

HE crushed his heart for wine of song  
The sordid souls of men to glad,  
But by him passed the scoffing throng,  
Nor dreamed he was divinely mad.

## A MADRIGAL

THE June is filled with roses,  
The roses filled with June,  
While every air discloses  
I love thee late and soon;  
I love thee, dost thou hear it?  
I love thee, canst thou fear it?

My love is filled with wonder,  
My wonder filled with love;  
All things on earth and under,  
All things that are above,  
In rapturous tones are voicing  
The joys of my rejoicing.

I love thee morn and even,  
In every night thou art;  
The very heaven of heaven  
Of love is in my heart,  
And were we now to sever  
The world were lost forever.

## WORK

To age-worn palace veiled with vine and tree  
I listless came one summer afternoon,  
A self-invited guest who craved the boon  
Of peaceful idlesse in that privacy;  
And there I saw, as swung the doors for me,  
Some of the inmates lounge as half in swoon,  
While others gaped and yawned, tried trivial  
tune,  
Turned a few leaves, then wandered aim-  
lessly.  
And when Ennui, the jeweled queen of these,  
Rose languid from her couch of popped ease,  
With greeting such as indolence could spare,  
I fled aghast, the humblest tool to seize,  
And as its strokes with music filled the air,  
Peace spread her wings in holy blessing  
there.



## ADVERSITY

WHEN glad Fortuna, as a friend to thee,  
Her more than liberal spoils before thee  
brings,

Beware the serpent, slyly hid, which stings  
The soul with poison of Prosperity.

Thou never mayst revealing visions see,  
Nor mount with seraphs on immortal wings,  
Unless within thy deepest being springs  
Some tear-fed fountain of Adversity.

The steel that Florence drove in Dante's heart  
He fashioned to a lyre, whereon with ease  
He deathless rose above the hells of hate;

And when life-wearied Milton sat apart,  
Lonely and blind, he swept those organ keys  
Whose tones from age to age reverberate.

## LIFE'S JEWELS

SEEK not life's jewels where the poppies grow,  
Nor where Desire, all passion-poisoned, rears  
Her luring domes, but in the heart of woe,  
With shores far washed by sanctifying tears.

## QUESTION

OUTSIDE, the rain is dreary,  
Inside, my heart is weary,  
Outside, the winds are sighing,  
Inside, my hopes are dying;—  
O Earth, where is thy beauty?  
O Soul, where is thy duty?

## AT THE FUNERAL OF A NORSE WARRIOR

UPON your spears, with solemn care,  
This warrior's glorious body bear  
To some lone sea-belovèd ground,  
And there rear high his burial mound,

So strong no Jötun's heavy hand  
Can spread its ruins o'er the land,  
And where the beauteous Balder might  
Its summit tip with golden light.

The Hero's axe and sword ye know,  
That smit to marrow of his foe,  
Lay close beside his breathless form  
With memories to keep them warm.

The wind of battle in his hair,  
Oh, let it blow forever there,  
Nor cleanse his beard, nor from his face  
The stain of sweat or blood erase.

Just as he fell so let him lie  
Where he shall see no more the sky,  
Nor where again upon his ear  
Shall fall the fight's heart-maddening cheer.

He died as he would choose to die,  
With Victory burning in his eye,  
Upon his foeman's captured deck  
Bestrewn with gore and battle's wreck;

While Odin lit the dying day  
With flame of blood-beseeming ray,  
And bade some vast-winged maiden there  
The hero's soul to Valhal bear.

Then take him proudly on your spears,  
Without one eye bedimmed by tears,  
And as his fame-blest mound ye raise  
Chant to the seas and skies his praise.

## ROSES FOR HIM

You that loved him, gather here  
Round his bier.

Let the roses heaping rest  
On his breast.

In his heart their sweets were hived  
While he lived,

And he might unquiet be  
If that we

Did not give his bed of death  
Their dear breath.

Mid their fragrance let us say,  
As we pray,

How he nursed a patient mood  
Filled with good—

Good that flowed without an end  
To his friend;

How, whatever stress might be,  
Equal he;

How with every breath he drew  
He was true;

How he charmed us with a tone  
All his own,

Stingless wit and ready sense  
Flowing thence;

How he walked affection's ways  
All his days;

And how Beauty's conquering art  
Held his heart,

Till he seemed her very child  
Undefined.

Gather then with roses here  
Round his bier,

And in heaps upon his breast  
Let them rest.

## REFUGE

THE winds of Grief were driving him  
Upon the rocks Despair had reared,  
When in the distance, faint and dim,  
The Star of Poesy appeared;  
And as toward her his face he turned,  
With hope and courage in his breast,  
She then with brighter fulgence burned,  
To light him to the Port of Rest.



## NOW

Oh, do not wait till in the earth I lie  
Before thou givest me my rightful meed;  
Oh, do not now in coldness pass me by,  
And then cry praises which I cannot heed.  
If I have helped thee on thy weary way,  
Or lightened in the least thy burden's weight,  
Haste with love's tokens ere another day  
Shall pierce thee with the fatal words, "Too  
late."

The present moment is thy time to live:  
The Past is gone, the Future may not be;  
If thou hast treasure of thy heart to give  
To hungry souls, bestow it speedily;—  
For sweet Love's sake, let not to-morrow's  
sun  
Tempt thee to wait before thou see it done.

## RECONCILIATION

THOU heart-bereaved, complaining mite,  
Why blink at God's eternal light,  
Why make an individual night  
    Of cowardly despair?  
In the vast universe divine  
Sink every grief and woe of thine,  
And thou wilt nevermore repine,  
    But sing in triumph there.

## IN TIME OF NOVEMBER

THE leaves are falling, falling,  
By autumn's breath embrowned;  
The restless winds are calling  
With ever saddening sound;  
And all the long-dead embers  
Of all my past Novembers  
Seem heaped in burial mound.

But Memory joys in bringing  
Her loveliest blossoms there,  
With birds whose heartsome singing  
Dispels each dark despair;  
And then those embers' fires  
Reflame with June's desires,  
Till Life grows newly fair.

## WITH THE LARK

AH, mark  
That Meadow Lark,  
With note so silvery sweet,  
Skimming the golden sea of wheat  
As blithesome Dawn, in rosy-hued array,  
Shakes out the banner of the new-born day.  
Still on he goes with rapturous glee,  
A floating fount of melody.  
Oh, that my heart like his could beat  
In thoughtless joy complete;  
That under this balm-breathing sky,  
Without one question why,  
My soul in ravishment might rest  
On Beauty's radiant breast.

## WITH THE EAGLE

His eye  
Sweeps all the sky,  
As hard he grips the rock.  
Storm's ice-clad brood that round him flock  
But blow the fires of his undaunted breast,  
And forth he fares in ecstasy of quest.  
Still up he goes, proudly to fling  
His own against the thunder's wing.  
O Eagle of the mighty heart,  
Give me of what thou art:  
Breed in my soul thy lofty air,  
That it may nobly dare,  
And with unconquerable will  
Face every darkest ill.

## ATTAINMENT

WE sigh for things we scarce may hope to gain,  
And which, if all our own, would give no  
peace;

We vainly toil and struggle to release  
To knowledge nature's secrets; we complain  
That 'tis not given us to break some chain,  
To scale some peak, to win some golden  
fleece,  
To do some mighty deed whose light shall  
cease

Only when moons no longer wax and wane.  
We thus pass heedless by life's crystal springs,  
And lose the blessing at our very hand  
That Faith and Love invincibly have won:  
For they proclaim with voice that deathless  
rings,

No work is futile that is nobly planned,  
No deed is little if but greatly done.

## ENDURE THOU FALTERING SOUL

ENDURE, thou faltering soul, thou shouldst endure:

Though thou hast toiled and served unblest  
of gain;

Though clamors mock thy peace; though  
fortune rain

Deep-wounding blows on thee past hope of  
cure;

Though hearts grow cold, while griefs have  
made thee poor

In all save tears, till cumulative pain

Dare proffer ease with death's too-tempting  
bane,

E'en then, despairing soul, thou must endure.

For lo, behold! all fellows are thy kin

From vastest sun to tiniest atomy;

Yea, all that was, and is, and shall be, in

The mystery-breathing, great immensity,

Where thou art challenged for thy needed  
part—

Then forward with fresh courage in thy  
heart!

## AN ODE

ON THE SIGNING OF THE ARBITRATION  
TREATY MADE BETWEEN THE UNITED  
STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND  
FRANCE AUGUST THIRD  
1911

*A dream all this as it may seem,  
But be it so still let me dream.*

### I

Who speeds this way on world-amazing wings  
That beat out music of seraphic song,  
As with unhindered might she sweeps along  
And on mankind a newer splendor flings;  
Her eye full softly mild as that of fawn,  
Yet keen as eagle's of the mountain pine,  
Her smile diffusing radiance of a Dawn  
Transcendently, ineffably divine;  
Her brow enwreathed with amaranthine sprays  
Culled from the gardens of immortal bloom,  
Her form all throbbing from the chorused  
praise  
Ascending from the cypress groves of gloom.  
Ah, it is Peace—the glorious Goddess who  
Now fills the heavens with supernal light,  
And who, in raiment of celestial blue,  
Bids man tear down the sullen flags of Night,  
And raise on high her starry gonfalons of  
white.



## II

Beneath her smile the Seasons' children rest:  
    Spring's flowers begem the mountain, vale,  
        and mead,  
    Then find fruition in the cradled seed  
That patient wait their mother's nurturing  
    breast;  
Then Summer kisses her belovèd fields,  
    And garnering Autumn sighs from sere to  
        sere,  
While smiling at the store that nature yields  
    For toiling man from year to fruitful year.  
Beneath the roof when Winter spreads his  
    snows,  
    And binds the resting earth in icy chains,  
The cheering fire in household safety glows,  
    And only to the chimney's mouth complains.  
So Home is folded in the arms of Peace  
    With all the jewels of her blest demesne,  
Where discord's noises in abashment cease,  
    And where ungrudging service moves serene,  
    To make on earth a heaven of all the blessed  
        scene.

### III

Thou ravening monster War, thou art the worst  
Of all Hell's brood to riot on the earth—

The awful fount of pestilence and dearth,  
The fell destroyer most of all accurst;  
The templed courts where Peace has held her  
    sway,

All consecrated with the joys of years,  
Thou wreckest with the fury of a day,  
And drownest in a sea of blood and tears;  
Thy hoofs tramp down the harvest-swelling soil  
Where myriads sink into thy crimson mire,  
And where the fruited heaps of long-drawn toil  
Crumble to ashes at thy torches' fire;

Thou sparest none, the mother nor the child,  
The maiden, nor the sanctuaried home;  
Thou art a flame-breathed terror raging wild  
To do Hell's work beneath the heavenly dome,  
And mock at all the angels from thy gory  
    foam.

#### IV

But monster, know the people are awake;  
At last they see the awful thing thou art;  
New readings in the history of the heart  
A mighty voice has bade them now to make.  
The Conqueror's banner streaming at thy call  
Above the frenzied hosts of bygone times,  
What is it but a sable funeral pall  
That cloaks full oft unutterable crimes?  
Oh, the vast waste and havoc thou hast made;  
What awful agonies by thee confessed;  
What radiant youths in millions have been laid  
In death's foul reek at thy unpitying hest!  
All these arise as one accusing ghost  
That tops the empyréan's farthest space,  
Proclaiming thou and thy demonic host  
No more shall agonize the human race,  
Or hold again the countries in thy dread embrace.

# V

O light divine that streams from east to west,  
 Borne by the Goddess as she grandly flies,  
 That gives a deeper meaning to the skies,  
 And makes the earth with every richness blest :  
 Behold a spectacle that Heaven's own court  
 Might summon all the seraphim to view,  
 Where France's Eagle and our own resort,  
 With Britain's Lion, Peace's will to do ;  
 No more to do the horrent will of war ;  
 No more each other's breast in rage to tear ;  
 No more each other's children to abhor ;  
 No more of mild persuasion to despair ;  
 No more to dream that Force is stronger still  
 Than unimaginable Love can be,  
 Or that the Godless ministers of Ill  
 Can ever set the judging Conscience free,  
 To bind the doubting ages through eternity.

## VI

O Britain, for a rounded hundred years,  
My country's hand has ever clasped thine  
own,

And now our friendship sits upon a throne  
Above all malcontents' or traitors' fears.  
And France, my country's ever constant friend,  
The land of noble-hearted La Fayette,  
Thy love is as a ring that has no end,  
A star within our sky forever set.

Ye glorious ones, as much as ye have done  
In mastery of all the world can know,  
In this immatchless treaty ye have won  
A triumph that has vanquished every foe;  
The voice of it rings loud from shore to shore;  
It thrills all good with unaccustomed zest;  
It calls the name of every nation o'er,  
And dares demand the deathless roll attest  
Each name in blazoned splendor flaming with  
the rest.

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## AMONG THE POPPIES IN A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD

IN rapture-breathing chalices of gold  
These poppies make obeisance to the sun,  
As round their rims the fragrant breezes run,  
Their every loveliest beauty to unfold.  
And here death's iron bell full oft has tolled  
Above the head of many a fair, loved one,  
Who ne'er can know what all these blooms  
    have done  
To glorify their unpretending mould.  
Thus some great soul, with wide-extended palms,  
Scatters the treasure of his bounteous alms,  
Nor bends to catch the adulator's praise—  
Sufficient unto him that he has trod  
The paths of Duty in his strenuous days,  
And lived at peace with Conscience and his  
    God.

## SLEEP

THE Horses of the Hours lag through the  
night,

Driven by all the demons of unrest,

Who play their pranks on my defenseless  
breast

In very mock of torturing delight.

The splendent stars are maddening to my sight,

So far remote they seem from Dawn's be-  
hest,

And yonder moon so slowly seeks the west

I fain would snatch it from its hateful height.

O thou mine outraged Conscience, let me hear

No more thy awful thunders in mine ear,

That drive repose from out my wearied eyes ;

Its peace with thee my soul has sworn to keep ;

Then stay thy torments until lightly lies

Upon my grateful lids the down of Sleep.

## THE COCK

ADOWN his neck, upcurving high,  
His plumes in golden radiance flowed,  
With gleaming bronze his body glowed,  
While all his tail of sable dye  
Waved banner-like as proud he strode.

His comb in scarlet glory shone  
Above an eye of stern delight,  
And bits of rainbow tinted bright  
His breast, as with resounding tone  
His clarion shook the neighboring height.

For all the filth that reeked around  
The purlieu's street he had no care;  
He glorified its earth and air,  
And with a flawless beauty crowned  
Strode on in lonely splendor there.



## BOAT SONG

WHERE the river murmurs music  
To the purple-wreathèd hours,  
While the leaning, lovely willow  
On the wave its beauty showers;  
Where the stately, towering redwoods  
Mighty lords of nature seem,  
Float we gently in the twilight,  
Float we gently as in dream.

Though the saucy rocks would bar us,  
Onward, onward still we glide,  
Till the placid pools receive us,  
Reaching far, and deep, and wide;  
Resting then upon the bosom  
Of the music-murmuring stream,  
Float we gently in the twilight,  
Float we gently as in dream.

## IN ALL THE DAYS

THE generations come and go  
In immemorial, ghostly show;  
They pass, and pass, and are no more  
Than are the leaves of eldest yore  
That wintry winds blew to and fro.

What toils and moils were theirs to know,  
What withered blooms were theirs to grow,  
What dust made up their treasured store  
In all the days!

And yet the streams of life still flow,  
No evil stalks but meets its foe,  
The Muse still guards her golden lore,  
While deathless Love still hovers o'er  
The anguished bed of many a woe,  
In all the days!

## UNKISSED

O LIPS that moan unkissed  
Beneath Love's luring sky,  
What raptures you have missed,  
What pangs have passed you by!

## THE SOUL

Who is it dares disturb my rest  
In this luxuriant poppy field,  
Where languorous airs within my breast  
All rare delights of music yield?

I am thy Soul!—Up from thy bed,  
And sweep the film from out thine eye,  
So that by consecration led,  
I may be saved that's like to die.

## GHOSTS

THE ghosts that come from out the years,  
Dream-winged and purged of passion's fears,  
Troop round me now as oft before,  
In love to lead my footsteps o'er  
The paths my heart of heart endears.

What hope-wreathed joy on joy appears,  
What bloomy cheeks no anguish sears,  
What vasty skies wherein to soar,  
O time of old!

Their voices die upon mine ears,  
I cry to them, but no one hears,  
While other ghosts around me pour—  
The ghosts of Now that madly roar,  
And mock my unrelieving tears,  
O time of old!

## CAN THIS BE DAY?

CAN this be day? The stars have fled;  
Dawn's banners brighten overhead;  
The wagons roll along the street,  
And men go by with hastening feet;—

Ah, yes, it must be day.

But come and see where cold she lies,  
Death's fingers on her once-bright eyes;  
With pallid lips that cannot stir;  
The aching mother bent o'er her;—

Ah, no, 'tis night, not day.

## THE PITY OF IT

How bloomed round her the flowers of nur-  
turing care,  
How breathed on her Home's kindliest summer-  
air,  
How softly smooth her daily paths were made,  
From that sweet moment Life first gave her  
breath  
Until that bitter time her dear head laid  
Its liliated beauty in the lap of Death!

## MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES

IN mystery's face I could but peer  
When she my heart of heart did fill,  
And yet her pulseless beauty here  
Proclaims a mystery greater still.



## THE FOG ROLLS IN

THE fog rolls in as it has rolled  
For years that never can be told,  
And all the sky of sombre-gray  
Makes drearier still the dreary day;  
    And hearts still ache  
    Until they break,  
As it has been with Death alway.

But though the fog be deeper rolled  
The sun's above it as of old;  
No sky can be so sombre-gray,  
But that the blue will have its way;  
    And hearts will wake  
    For love's dear sake,  
As it has been with Life alway.

ON A STATUE BY ARTHUR PUTNAM  
ENTITLED "THE PLOWMAN"

I

DEEP-THOUGHTED sits he on his worn plow's  
beam

As day's laborious, long-drawn hours are  
done,

And all their leaden moments, one by one,  
Are passing through his mind as in a dream.

His head and body bend so low they seem  
Oppressed by every woe beneath the sun,  
As sheer fatigue's resistless currents run  
Through all his frame in heart-benumbing  
stream.

The share within the unfinished furrow stands,  
As if appealing sadly to the hands

Too weary now its willing point to guide ;

While a gaunt dog, that gnaws a fleshless bone,  
Sits on his haunches by his master's side—  
Brothers that Misery seals as all its own.

## II

Ah, why despair for that the stubborn soil  
Refuses thee the treasure of its breast,  
Or that instead of fortune-favored quest  
Thy purpose writhes within a tightening coil?  
Each prize lies buried in the heart of toil,  
And he lives only who, with bateless zest,  
Does that bright object from its prison  
wrest,  
Nor lets the universe his purpose foil.  
See Hope come bounding o'er the fruited hills  
With song that all the tremulous heaven fills,  
Till breathes anew the quaking host of fear;  
While Pessimism slinks within his cave,  
To weave the pall, to brew the bitter tear,  
And sow the seeds of madness on the grave.

## REMEMBRANCE OF A PICTURE ONCE SEEN

HERE patient Evening waits approaching  
Night,  
With Silence folded closely on her breast;  
The breezes stir not, and in moveless rest  
The cypresses uplift their solemn height.  
Within the sombrous house no gleaming light  
Speaks welcome with the voice of Home confessed,  
No more the fountain sings with joy possessed,  
While darksome mystery holds the questioning sight.  
Here Meditation dwells upon the days  
That wind through Life's uncomprehended maze,  
With pain and evil as their seeming goal;  
Where Sorrow's self may then with her commune,  
Till with divinity they come in tune,  
And tread the golden pathways of the soul.

## TO BURNS

THOU wast of truest flesh and blood;  
Thy veins ran hot with passion's flood;  
Thou knewest the stars—and miry mud—

But all sincerely;  
And so the world, as well it should,  
Loves thee most dearly.

All nature's kin was kin of thine;  
The earth for thee was all divine;  
Nor didst thou need from Heaven a sign  
To love thy brothers,  
Nor wouldst thou measure with thy line  
The faults of others.

'Tis true thy satire's lash did smite  
The tender spot of many a wight;  
But though thy blow was never light,  
It meant no evil;  
Indeed thou didst not do despite  
E'en to the Devil.

And yet thy bosom nursed a hate  
For bigotry that would not bate;  
For aught that bound thy fellow's fate  
To tyrant burdens,  
Or barred him from his just estate  
Of worthy guerdons.

The gauds of rank of every kind  
Could not thine eagle vision blind,  
For thy devoted soul did find  
    In man a brother,  
With patient love in wait to bind  
    One to the other.

The lowliest things that breathe the air  
Could catch thy thought and feel thy care,  
And nestling in thy heart find there  
    Unselfish giver,  
Till winged with song their flight shall bear  
    Still on forever.

Thy strain how tender, sweet and strong!  
How full of all the joys of song!  
How round the heart its children throng  
    To leave us never!  
How scornful of the meanly wrong,  
    Yet loving ever!

Thou Scotia's best belovèd son,  
In vain the critic eye shall run  
Around the years in search of one  
    To match thy glory;  
Our hearts cry out, like thee there's none  
    In lettered story.

Thank God for every year of thine;  
We shed no tears o'er thee, nor pine  
That Fate so soon thy heart divine  
    From life did sever—  
'Tis nought when Love with Heaven's own sign  
    Crowns thee forever.

## BROWNING

HERE was a Titan—one whose teeming  
thought,  
In unfamiliar channels, broad and deep,  
Flowed grandly on in undiminished sweep;  
One who, by nature as by learning taught,  
In many a mine of human passion wrought,  
With such keen vision, such soul-searching ways,  
As ne'er were blazoned in the sight of men  
Save by his own and Shakespeare's sovran pen;  
One who met truth with never-flinching gaze  
As on he walked with Muse for loving guide;  
Who held his road, despite of blame or praise,  
In noble scorn of intellectual pride,  
And yet who could with any man be free,  
And in his breast some thing of beauty see;  
Who bore Faith's ensign, starred with heart-  
some hopes,  
Undaunted up Doubt's demon-haunted slopes;  
Who kept to earth the while his questing eyes  
Ranged all the reaches of the farthest skies;  
And who, with fame that purples every tide,  
Sleeps, where 'tis meet he should, by Chaucer's  
side.



## WILLIAM WATSON

ALL crystal clear the fibre of his song;  
His lyrics sing like larks against the sky;  
While every melody his sonnets try,  
Where harmonies roll their golden lengths  
along.

His words are flames when hurled against a  
wrong

His tender conscience bids him dare defy,  
And Abdul's infamies through him shall cry  
Adown the shuddering years in crimson  
throng.

Our country's friend he is whose flawless art  
Pours from the brimming chalice of his heart  
Its praise of her in numbers' precious wine;  
And hence this sonnet-wreath I humbly bring  
To him who in the palaces divine  
With dauntless voice immortally shall sing.

## TO HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THOU muse-belovèd one, thou Son of Light,  
Who rangest the illimitable ways,  
Had I thy gift thy name, embalmed in praise,  
Should fear no demon of oblivion's night.  
Thy soul is nourished on the things of might;  
The altitudes are thine, and thine the gaze  
That views creation's mystery-hearted days  
In the vast epochs of their ceaseless flight.  
Thou rangest too with nature-breathing art  
The awful chambers of the human heart  
Along the winding trails of sin-stained blood;  
While through thy breast such streams of passion flow  
As bear thy sympathies at topmost flood  
Even to where hell's deadliest breezes blow.

## E. H. SOTHERN

UPON his amaranthine-bowered throne,  
In isolated grandeur of repose,  
The mighty Shakespeare sits mid time's mad  
throes,

Nor fears that men may make him less their  
own—

Their own to bind within his matchless zone  
All that life feels of happiness and woes;  
All that heart's ocean's various vastness  
shows;

All myriad passions earth has ever known.

Now Sothern comes, his heaven-kissed messen-  
ger,

The deepest soundings of our souls to stir  
With conquering Art as beautiful as true;  
And the great Master, smiling from afar,  
Sees fast ascending in the cloudless blue,  
With him as sponsor, an immortal star.

## WILLIAM KEITH IN HIS LAST YEAR

ALTHOUGH the years have worn his strength  
away;

Although some demon sits upon his breast,  
Feeding in fatness on his nightly rest,  
Until in agony he longs for day,

Yet his unconquered eye's far-reaching ray  
Makes Beauty captive, till she stands confessed

Upon his glowing canvas, to attest  
The magic of that Art age cannot stay.

Thou undismayed, thou hero-hearted one,  
Thou'lt cling unto thy brushes till are done  
Thy laboring, fruitful moments on the earth;  
And then thy canvases shall speak for thee,  
With all the rapture of that newer birth  
Which leads to thronèd immortality.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE PAINTED  
BY WILLIAM KEITH  
ENTITLED "AFTER THE STORM"

THE legions of the Storm have trampled here,  
And spent their wrath on these resisting  
trees,  
But now the forest breathes with deep-drawn  
ease,  
While its affrighted brood rest free from  
fear.  
Yon castellated clouds their heads still rear  
And surge as if by battle's mad decrees,  
Yet this rejoicing grass serenely sees  
Peace in an air so crystallinely clear.  
The Master wrung the blood from out his heart  
To build such structures of consummate art  
As here delights the eye and thrills the soul;  
And now that his own Storm of Life is done,  
'Tis sweet to call to mind how many a goal  
Through stress and struggle he supremely  
won.

## MOTHER EARTH

O MOTHER EARTH, from whom all things have  
come,

And unto whom all things at last return,  
In Life's immeasurable, brimming urn  
Thou art the sole, incalculable sum.

Death cannot strike thy myriad voices dumb,  
For in his blighting steps fresh splendors  
burn,

While new-born creatures all his malice  
spurn,

And laugh from depths his cunning cannot  
plumb.

Thou givest all but as thy bosom bleeds,  
To answer man's insatiate, ravening greeds,  
Or when thy very bowels he invades ;

No niggard stint thy liberal bounties know,  
And e'en within thy deepest cypress shades  
The flowers of Hope in gorgeous glory blow.

## THE MUSIC OF WORDS

Tennyson said in one of his talks that "People do not understand the music of words."

To give to Beauty her immortal need  
As gemmed she lies immaculately fair;  
To paint the hopes that end in fell despair,  
While tones mellifluous every passion feed;  
To follow Fancy's fairy troop that lead  
Through vales of Dream embathed in  
drowsèd air,  
Or on Imagination's heights to dare,  
What nectar-hearted, golden words we need—  
Such words as thine, thou muse-encrownèd one,  
Who, like some inextinguishable sun,  
Shall light the heavens of man forevermore;  
Such words as Homer sent, long, long ago,  
With music winged, through Hellas' heart of  
woe,  
Or such as Shakespeare made divinely soar.

## THE PASSION FOR PERFECTION

WHAT deep desires are ours, what searching  
pains,

To find the word we so supremely need;  
To frame a diction worthy Art's great meed,  
That winged with music bears undying  
strains!

Our thought when bound in rhythm oft con-  
tains

Such teasing imperfections, that we feed  
The hours in their cure, then inly bleed,  
For fear some vexing blemish yet re-  
mains. . . .

Dear nymph, Perfection, how thou dost elude  
Thy fond pursuer!—seeming near, then far,  
Enticing ever with allurements sweet;  
Till after trial many a time renewed,  
He sees thee blaze a solitary star  
In some high, inaccessible retreat.



## BROTHERS

### I

AN, true it is in Life's unceasing flow  
The greatest as the meanest pass and go;  
Temples once raptured with rejoicing sound  
In piteous fragments strew the desolate ground,  
While many a City, radiant as the dawn,  
Along oblivion's dusty paths has gone.  
Nought, in the end, of all man's work remains;  
Ay, even the mountains flatten into plains,  
And Time but mocks the "everlasting hills."  
Perfection's loveliest creatures yield to blight  
E'en while their conquering beauty woos the  
light.

The swelling rivers as the rippling rills  
Have yielded and will yield to Death's great  
might—

A might that all in every age and day  
Have but obeyed and must fore'er obey;  
Vain human strength, though that of Hercules,  
Vain all the best that mind and hand can rear,  
Vain all the beauty that can go with these,  
And vainer still the supplicating tear.

## II

Life follows ever in the wake of Death,  
And by his favor takes its every breath;  
Without the one the other could not be,  
For 'tis not Death but ceaseless change we  
see:

Creation lords it over every earth,  
Death can in no wise stranger be than birth,  
And the great heart of things beats on apace  
Throughout the boundless vastitudes of space.  
Daughter succeeds to mother in a line  
Which makes the soul of loveliness divine;  
The hero falls yet other heroes rise,  
And Cities raise their towers to the skies,  
That dare in face of all the past to shine.  
The mountains crumble, but from out their  
dust

Flowers recurrently forever spring;  
Leaves fall, but other leaves the seasons bring.  
So Nature, throned securely on this trust,  
Tells man to fear not, for that Death and Life  
Are but as brothers in a friendly strife.

## OUT OF THE SHADOW

I WOULD not have the world's regardless eyes  
Rest on this verse made consecrate with tears  
For one who in the spring-time of his years  
Sank down o'erburdened, never more to rise ;  
But those alone whose unavailing cries  
Have risen like mine for all the heart endears  
I would have here to pause, and in his bier's  
Deep shadow share my bosom's agonies.  
Yet as Grief hands the bitter cup around,  
And deeper grows the shade's intensity,  
Our souls may hear some new, far-falling  
sound ;  
And mid its throbs divine it then may be  
That Life will stream with richer thought,  
and we  
Deem Death a monarch with effulgence  
crowned.

## UPWARD

WITHIN the breast Life's mountain looms so  
high,

Where ravening demons crouch in many a  
lair,

We fear to challenge its ethereal air

Except with dubious glimpses of the eye;

And thus enfolded on ourselves we lie,

Drinking the bitter waters of despair,

Unheeding still that Faith and Hope are  
there,

To help us upward to the farthest  
sky. . . .

Oh, the deep joy of that consummate day,

When, as we toil along the lengthening way,

The distant splendors yet more brightly  
glow,

Mid sounds ineffable that bless the ear,

And winds that from the breast of heaven  
blow

To tell us God is infinitely near.



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